

cook-maid, first saw him sitting there, and she being a cruel hussy, told him to go about his business, or she would throw a saucepan full of scalding water on him. At this moment the merchant came home from 'Change, and he also began to scold the boy for sitting at the door, and bid him go to work. Whittington answered, that indeed he would work if any one would employ him, if it was only for some victuals, for that he had eat nothing these three days past; that he was a poor country boy who knew nobody, and nobody would employ him. He then endeavoured to get up, but was so very weak, that he fell down again; which excited so much compassion in the merchant, that he ordered the footman to take him in, and give him meat and drink, and to let him help the cook to do any dirty work in the kitchen which she chose to set him about.

People

People in general are too apt to reproach beggars with idleness; many of them, I confess, are fitter objects for the whipping post, than to be relieved, but surely, to be blind, sick, lame, aged, and poor, are no imaginary evils; and a moment's reflection must, I think, convince the good heart, that to give a trifle is the least we can do for a fellow-creature when distressed with such infirmities.

I remember a circumstance of this sort, which Sir William Thompson told my father, with tears in his eyes, and it is so affecting, that I shall never forget it.

When Sir William was in the Plantations abroad, one of his friends told him he had an indented servant whom he had just bought, that was his countryman, and a lusty man; but he is so idle, says he, that I cannot get him to work. Ay, says Sir William, let me see him: They walked out together, and found the

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